THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1400.

Choice Poetry.

REVISED POEMS,

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

WANTED—A THEME.

The spring is here again, mother, she bursts upon our sight,
Like a young girl in her bridal-dress, all bloom and love and light;
The birds from out the sunny south, Heaven-guided, hither come,
And earth is very fair, mother, for round our cottage home.

A spell is on my heart, mother, a deep, mysterious spell—
I feel the mighty tide of song within my spirit swell!
Then find for me a theme, mother, a theme to write upon,
Ere breaks that spell, and ere that tide has ebbed away and gone.

I could write of the fields, mother, the dark and waving woods,
The bursting flowers, the clinging vines, the waterfalls and floods;
But then the world would say, mother, although 'twas done up neat,
That I was in a beaten track, a-following that *Street*.

I might weave lays like rose-wreaths, mother, and fling them left and right,
All odorous with the breath of love, and glowing with its light;
But though 'twere all a sham, mother, wise ones their heads would shake,
And they'd say I was in love, mother—which were a sad mistake.

I could write of the West, mother—tell many a backwood's tale;
But Mary Clavers long ago chanced on that happy trail,
And went it "with a rush," mother, as all the world agree,
And made a "powerful sight" of fun, and left no laugh for me.

I could write on the wars, mother, the soldier's glorious life,
I sometimes think it is my *forte* to sing of scenes of strife;
But I've avowed peace principles, and may not call them back;
So I cannot write of war, mother—I must take another tack.

The terrible might do, mother, some wild, unearthly story,
I might ride for a Pegasus, a nightmare into glory;
But then, that "Raven" there, mother, above that "chamber-door,"
I asked him if 'twould be a hit—"Quoth the raven, never more!"

I might plead for the poor, mother, the wronged and the oppressed,
And give a flash of freedom's fire, deep burning in my breast;
But they'd say I was a fanatic, a-battling with weak straws
Against the mighty Union, and the almighty Laws.

The fool'ries of the *beau-monde*, mother, should I write on as I feel,
The ladies fair would vote me odd, and not at all genteel;
And ah, the lordly sex, mother, *their* ire would heaviest fall,
They'd say I was a sour old maid—and that were worse than all!

I think I'll off to bed, mother—I'm tired, and then it's late;
The horse I rode this afternoon had such a shocking gait,
So do not early break, mother, my deep and soft repose,
For I love a morning doze, mother, I love a morning doze!

Original Tales.

THE GAME OF CHESS.
A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

CHAPTER I.

Our Portrait Gallery.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL TWIGGS.

For the above engraving we are indebted to "Scott and Staff," recently published by Messrs. Grigg & Elliot, of this city.

followed by the greater part of the nobles present. The waving of their tall white plumes seemed to proclaim that those who wore them protested in behalf of their privileges, by thus exercising that one which gave to the grandees of Spain the right to cover their heads in presence of their sovereign.

A movement of suppressed anger escaped the King; he struck the table violently with his right hand, ...

CHAPTER II.

THE DUNGEON.

The Prince of Calatrava, confined in a narrow wainscotted chamber, was pacing his cell with a hurried, irregular step, that betokened keen anxiety. The apartment was furnished with a ...

lowed him, and when Don Guzman returned to consciousness, he beheld himself surrounded by his friends, who formed a close circle about him, in the midst of which stood King Philip, his face beaming with satisfaction and delight.

All seemed like a dream. A moment before at the block, now in the royal hall. He could not comprehend the change; he did not know that Don Ramirez in his excessive joy and agitation, had committed an error in giving the letters patent to the King, and that he had placed in his hands a paper containing the details of a plot, the aim of which was to rid himself of Don Guzman, and thus remove from his path at once a hated rival, and the firmest support of the throne. He did not know all this, and his escape from the axe of the headsman was a mystery to him, which he was unable to comprehend; he was informed of all, however, and three days afterward at the self same hour, Calavar beheaded Don Ramirez, Count of Biscay as a traitor.

All present overwhelmed Don Guzman with congratulations and caresses, and King Philip, clasping his hand with tenderness, said:

"Guzman, I have been unjust toward thee. I can never pardon myself for my hastiness."

"Sire," replied the Duke, "let it pass. Such words from my sovereign's lips are worth a thousand lives."

But the King continued:

"My friend," he said, "it is our royal wish, that, to commemorate this almost miraculous escape, you should henceforth bear upon your escutcheon an axe argent upon a chess board azure. And ere the month has passed you will espouse Donna Estella; the ceremony shall be performed in our palace of the Escurial."

And then turning toward Ruy Lopez, he added:

"Ruy Lopez, I think that the church will find a good servant in our new prelate. You will be consecrated as Lord Bishop, in a scarlet robe, adorned with diamonds—this shall be the recompense for your game of chess with Don Guzman."

"Sire," replied Ruy Lopez, "never until to-day have I been satisfied with being beaten at chess."

"And now, my lords," continued Philip, "we invite you all to our royal banquet. Let Don Guzman's cover be placed at our right hand, and the Bishop of Segovia's at our left. Your arm, Don Guzman!"

Original Poetry.

THE WHITE DAISY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY RICHARD COE, JR.

There is a little, dainty flower,
That lifts its golden eye,

SONGS OF OLD SAYINGS.

LET IT COME.

Sketches of Russia.

THE CZAR;
His Court, his Camp, and his People.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

EXILE TO SIBERIA.

whom one-fifth are females. Desertions and escapes are numerous, being about 2,000 a year.

If the Russian Government in adopting this species of punishment originally, intended it as a means of populating these regions, the experiment has been a failure, the population remaining about stationary. It furnishes them, however, with a large number of laborers for the valuable mines lying in the mountains of their Southern frontier.

The number of persons who may be transported by legal decrees to Siberia has been widely extended by an ukase issued by Nicholas years since. It provides that not only those who have been pronounced guilty may be expatriated, but also those, who, though not condemned for want of sufficient proof, have not yet been entirely justified by the witnesses; and also those, who having been cleared, may be sent back to their district designated to ...

added labor in the mines, the whole forms a picture, the prospect of realizing which in one's own person is enough to blanch the firmest cheek and make the stoutest heart to quail. The phrase *unfortunate* is that which is universally applied in Russia to persons condemned to that country. The stipend supplied by Government also is so miserably small, to those who are simply condemned, that unless they have some other means at their command, they can barely procure the necessaries of life, and those too of the very rudest kind.

"Exile in Siberia," says the Abbe Chappe d'Auteroche, "carries with it a kind of reprobation; it renders a man so unfortunate, that although he lives in the midst of his fellows, everybody avoids him; no one dare have intercourse with him, but less on account of the crime attributed to him than from fear of the despot."

Our Picture Gallery.

WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

The above engraving of Washington's Head-Quarters at Cambridge, near Boston, is taken from the "Military Heroes of the Revolution." The building is still standing, and is occupied by the poet Longfellow.

Selected Sketch.

INDIAN EXPERTNESS.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

the clever manœuvre of making half a dozen balls spin round his person, possesses a capacity which, well-directed, might lead to much higher things.

It is unfortunate, from the state of society in India, that personal expertness should so much take a furtive direction. Dacoitism may be said to be carried the length of a science, for in its higher professors it disdains theft on a mean or bungling scale of operation. Colonel Davidson mentions the case of a Dacoit who had stolen a man's garments from under his head, severing with a knife a part of the article which was either entangled or purposely fastened to the pillow. "This," says he "was a mere bungler, and, I am persuaded, an apprentice without experience or talent. The scientific mode is well known: when it is necessary to make a sleeping man turn on his other side, you tickle his opposite ear with a straw till he obeys, and then a dexterous pull secures the booty. It is in this way that many excellent English gentlemen awake in the morning without mattress, blanket, or sheet either above or below them; having at the same time a favorite terrier asleep under their beds, and a pair of detonating pistols under their pillows."

Broughton describes a less "clumsy" theft committed in the Mahratta camp, of which he gives a life like picture. A tent was entered in which fourteen men were sleeping, two of them at the door with drawn swords by their sides. The thieves, nothing daunted by the crowd, made use of the swords to cut their way into the tent, and picking their steps among the sleepers, possessed themselves of the property they coveted. On another occasion, one of the maha-rajah's finest horses was carried off by a fellow, who, observing the rider dismount, and give the bridle into the hands of the attendant, darted forward, severed the reins with his sword, and galloped off in an instant.

The following instance of Dacoitism, illustrative of our subject, was related to us by a gentleman long resident in India:—

General S——, who considered himself able to out manœuvre any Dacoit in Bengal, had given orders to pursue and bring before him, a thief whose misdemeanors had warranted the severest punishment. The poor Dacoit was caught and brought up for examination. He was a fine specimen of the East Indian race. Of a clear brown, every feature of the most perfect mould, and with a form of exquisite symmetry and proportion, he now stood, nothing daunted, before the chief whose breath was to decide his fate.

"You are a Dacoit?"

"I am."

"You are aware that the crimes you have been guilty of are punishable by death?"

"If such be my *nuseeb* (destiny,) I am prepared to meet it."

"Would you avoid it?"

"Decidedly."

"Well, then, listen. Scarcely a night passes ...

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia: SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1848.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust, our old friends, the Postmasters, will assist themselves and not up large clubs for the succeeds Post; or if they be not inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers in the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it surpasses all competitors. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage is just the same on a five sheet paper, as on the smallest and meanest of the small reprints.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the office to which it is changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town on which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them send to us when when they can do so conveniently.

AN IMPOSTOR.

An individual who signs his name as Henry B. Patterson, has been passing himself off as an agent of the Post, in Tennessee. All persons who have credentials, and they are happy to show them. Henry B. Patterson has no credentials, and is an impostor.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

The following are the provisions of the new bill to regulate postage on newspapers, &c., as reported from the Committee on the Post Office, and final votes and resolution in the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union:

1. All newspapers not exceeding 1,500 square inches in area, (and "by the editors or publishers thereof,") to go free for 30 miles; and any distance beyond and not exceeding 100 miles,—one-fifth to the limits of the State; and for more than 100 miles (except within the State) 1 cent. Papers exceeding 1,500 square inches in area to be charged by weight, like magazines and pamphlets.

2. Papers on a less size than 300 square inches, for 30 miles, free,—and for all distances exceeding 30 miles, a uniform rate of 1 cent.

3. Printed and lithographed circulars, handbills, &c.,—no single sheets and all exceeding single ray sent, for all distances, 1 cent per sheet.

4. Pamphlets, periodicals, prospectuses, &c.,—1 cent per ounce, if not exceeding 1 ounce,—and 1 cent additional for every additional ounce—for all distances.

5. Publishers' exchange copies, free.

6. Newspapers, handbills and circulars (of one sheet) "not sent from the office of publication," 1 cent, prepaid.

The latter is the most equitable bill which has ever been before Congress, and we trust it will before long become the law of the land. We are sensible, for we do not consider it, except in one respect, liberal. Even as now—the rate on the limits of the State and over 100 miles—the postage on a weekly paper is out of all proportion to its price. We get up a paper of the size and quality of the Post, we pay paper makers, compositors, clerks, rent, &c., and charge our subscribers from one to two dollars a year; while the Government, simply for carrying it, charges it cents a year. This high rate of postage operates as a direct bar to the circulation of intelligence. It seems to us that a Free Government should encourage, as far as it constitutionally can, the reading of these great informed citizens who give form to the history of the present age, as fast as it becomes history, and contain a vast fund of information upon all subjects, calculated to relax and instruct the hours and minds of the people. Newspapers, like the schoolmaster, may sometimes undertake wrong notions of things, but what instructor will be the whole, or more correct on the general good? None of the States may constitutionally set properly encourage science and religion, may they not also encourage that teacher and counselor of the times, the public, the newspaper? The States have parted with their power over the Post Office, through which alone they could more properly give that encouragement —but the National Government, in accepting the power, also accepted the responsibilities and duties.

Now the proximate motive that legislation should keep pace with the age. Publishers are prepared to send for papers where they now send one; they are able to hold out inducements to the people to subscribe, both as to price and quality, such as were never held out before. They now come to us once Congress, and ask a reduction in postage, proposing to reach it by a degree, in the manner I stated earlier. As to the extent of that reduction at the present time, and at various times, it will doubtless be matched, but the present, with the passage of the bill in whose provisions we have alluded to. We are willing that a cautious Care Johnson should be had on the subject, but we are willing to forget for a while that if newspapers were taxed at the same rate as passenger rates, the postage would be nearly one-eighth of a cent, than one cent—we, not sure, are willing to be limited to the present small favors, and to print on the largest kind of letters the names of all those members who vote for the new law.

WORTH TRYING.

The Pittsburg Post says that a large number of newspapers in the different selling mile in and about that only save it in contemplation to erect a new line, establishments for four capital, considering that they own business, and clearing the profits equally.

It is proposed that two hundred persons, practical machinists, should combine their capital, skill, and energy, and have a company to be governed by rules and regulations of their own adoption. Each member paying $100 to be put into the general fund, which will make to the aggregate a capital of $200,000 with which to commence business. Each member of the association will have a particular branch assigned to him—all will be actively employed—all will be on terms of perfect equality.

They propose also to establish in connection with the manufacture of iron of all kinds, a short tin manufactory—of the latter there are none now in the United States. The block tin, which is imported principally from Paris, forms about 40 per cent. of the ingredients of the sheet iron, the balance being iron, of course the manufacture will not be effected at some engines.

We think the plan of a workmen's joint stock company is worth trying, and we are sure that we have not the most extravagant hopes of its success. The workmen may think they will gain more by having the whole profits of labor, and if they call the owners and managers of such establishments more the old epithets, "drones and idlers," they have no one to blame but themselves, they will find that every one who is not willing to do his share of work will be discharged, and that there will be always a number of persons ready to take their places, who will only ask. Every man will work to be "boss," and that is impossible, for there will be always a boss to be boss. Even in a Republican Government, we have no more than one President, and in a Republican company, however, here the power is almost there will come to be the managing part of the business, and those who will find out soon after to be their managing, will not be satisfied with common wages. Some one will be found to manage for a larger than least wash, and will always get it.

If, however, the workmen will not adopt that spirit upon this point, and if its members are sober, steadfast, and not visionary men, we do not see why it may not work if they be not, for the means of such management would appear to be ample. We propose anything else, to the interesting establishment of those who are skilled workmen and industrious habits.

If, however, the following element of security:

KISSING.

A young gentleman of Buffalo was recently fined fifteen dollars and the costs of a suit for kissing a pretty lady at that city against her desire and consent. The subject deserves the most common, everyday people or couple within the statutes and customs of the "free and enlightened." It is practiced among the aristocracy and higher classes, to extent as outraged, such liberties must proceeded by the mutual consent. For "first interviews"—usually not recognized the license of relationship. We regret that, though the fine was not big enough to ruin the married ladies, against their will, should be regarded by the Courts as a bad course and condemned, and publicly reprimanded. A free guilty of such an offence should also be fined something additional for being a fool: for a man, of all things in the world, is only valuable in proportion as it is a "free gift."

GENERAL SCOTT.

Gen. Scott, and some members of his Staff, arrived at New York on the 21st, in the ship *St. Petersburgh*, from Vera Cruz.

THE FRENCH WOMEN.

A member of the Parisian women, it is said, has manifested extraordinary taste in writing to offer the republican form of government. What the women want, it seems, is order to determine. It is also seen evident that they are determined upon a republic, and that they will have it, and that they will have it, and that they will have it

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1848.

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

A STORY
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Intended to have nothing useless to maintain for the department in the Saturday Post, we acquired of being the "Best Weekly Paper in America," we have the pleasure of announcing to our read and rapidly increasing family of readers, that our Summer Campaign, with the publication of a new story from the pen of that powerful and thrilling American writer, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

We shall commence the publication of Mrs. Stephens's story in the early part of June next.

It is hardly necessary to add that those who have it in contemplation to subscribe to the Post during the coming season, will find it much to their advantage to send on their names by the first or second month, in time for the opening of Mrs. Stephens's story. We shall print a large number of extra copies, but, judging a reliable, weekly past, it will be hardly possible to supply the great demand for back numbers. The best plan for those intending to subscribe is to send on their names as soon as possible—as they not only thus confer a favor upon us, by letting us know to what extent to issue our edition, but secure to themselves the satisfaction of receiving their papers fresh in all their departments.

General News.

THE DONATION LANDS OF ARKANSAS.

Senator Sevier called attention in the Washington Union, of the 17th, a letter in answer to the many inquiries made of him respecting the lands which the State of Arkansas proposes to give away to actual settlers. As that information concerns a large class of our readers, we subjoin the letter, and state which the lands can be obtained.

The title which the State has to the lands she offers to donate, is acquired by the statutes enacted at various times, from Congress, by which she takes all lands which have been, and all which at any future period may be, once advertised and offered for sale by the United States for the non-payment of taxes, shall not be re-advertised or offered at public sale. She has the exclusive power to sell them to the purchaser, or to actual settlers, agreeably to existing laws, without re-advertising. Under one of the titles of these lands may be acquired in the following manner:—

By Pre-Emption.—Any person, resident of this State, or a non-resident, by application to the Auditor, producing a certificate from the Register of the claim from the State any number of tracts which have been entered in the office, on payment of the amount of taxes and costs due, and the Auditor's fee for drawing the deed. This amount of taxes and costs due, is, of course, dependent upon the number of years for which the taxes remain unpaid; but the average will not exceed that of one hundred and sixty acres may be set down at about fifteen dollars. When the deed is drawn, the owner is not required to make any improvement. All the title of the State in the tract or tracts purchased, is conveyed to the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, to the grantee, by a deed which the laws declare shall vest in him the legal title, as good and valid title, both in law and equity, and shall be considered in all courts of the State as evidence of a good and valid title in such grantee, his heirs and assigns, and shall be evidence that all things required by law to be done, to make a good and valid sale, were done both by the Collector and the Auditor.

By Donation.—Donations of these lands are limited to one hundred and sixty acres to any one person. Any person wishing to obtain a donation of any tract or tracts, which together do not exceed in quantity one hundred and sixty acres, must apply personally, or by agent, to the Auditor, describing the particular tract or tracts for which a title is desired, who, upon the payment of his fee, will issue a certificate for the tract or tracts described, will execute a conveyance of the right of the State to the lands described, which title is declared to consummate in the person, his heirs and assigns, irrespective of the law, which in substance says as follows: That the donee in the office of the Auditor, within eighteen months from the date of his deed, the certificate of a justice of the peace of the county in which the land is situated, setting forth that he has resided on the land, and that the same have been cleared, fenced, and placed in readiness for cultivation. When that certificate has been filed, the donee is entitled to a patent in the same terms and effect as that acquired by purchase, or preëmptioned claims.

It is estimated that, at the present time, Arkansas has about one million acres of land, subject to be disposed of as stated above. These lands are situated in almost every portion of the State, embracing every description of soil, and spread, of every grade, so that purchasers or donees can make their selections in any section of the State they may prefer them to select.

Many of these lands are already in process of rapid transition from their late wild state to productive cultivation, and pleasant homes. That information is given to all classes of people of actual settlement.

A PIOUS COUNTERFEIT.

A Dr. Nicholson of some kind, at Kinderhook, New York, charged with the manufacture of bogus notes. The Doctor is a member of the church, and a prominent partisan in society, was a leading member of one of the churches, and yet it was given in evidence before the grand jury that he was a blasphemer, by contraction, in the manufacture of counterfeit notes. He was in the habit of swearing, the most unusual, and take a leading part in the exercises of the prayer meeting, and one of the philanthropic projects of the day, remarkable for propriety, soberness and benevolence! The man his amount charged in the indictment, and from all the testimony on the part of the prosecution, he is connected in the business with the most deliberate scoundrels that ever went unwhipped of justice!

It seems that he had employed one of the engravers by twelve, and seven feet high, in the rear of his house, on a side hill, dug out of the ground, which was covered over by a shed, and in this shop there was placed a lamp-frame, so as effectually to prevent discovery. The engraver had to go in and out concealed, so as that any one entering the house a then would not observe him. He was employed in the counterfeiters generally worked at night, and just previous to the doctor's arrest, a man residing on the adjoining premises was awakened by the noise of the coaches, and on looking through, discovered the laborer and assistant of the doctor at their counterfeiting business, and heard the doctor say that if the other had a carriage in readiness they would get away that night.

When preparing his press, &c., for operations, it seems that the doctor represented that he was getting a vast mill made for grinding such roots used in his practice as were not to be found here. The testimony on the part of the prosecution was closed on Saturday evening last.

The doctor will be interred my readers, a detailed account description of this flight. We discovered that the doctor was not in the habit of deliberate robbery and murder, but of counterfeiting.

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COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.

The Stock Market has improved under the Cuba Senate's action. Cotton has gone up to the Liverpool Market. There was a greatly increased business in the sale of cotton on the 24th and 25th inst. This, though supposedly a small advance, makes an enormous aggregate when counted on the entire crop, and will probably produce a reduced rate of exchange. There was a good prospect for British crops, and the Liverpool Market closed dull, but firm in consequence of the favorable accounts. The sales of the week, as stated, were about 34,000 bales, and four days' sales were 25,000 bales. The sales of the week were 34,000 bales, and four days' sales were 25,000 bales. The sales of the week were 34,000 bales, and four days' sales were 25,000 bales.

	Bid	Asked
Commercial	81½	82
Mechanics'	100	101
Southwark	94	95
Kensington	94	95
Girard	10	10½
Penn	10	10½
Man & Mech	10	10½
Penn Dist	10	10½
Western Dist	10	10½
Tenth Dist Co	10	10½
Penn Dist Co	10	10½
M & M. Pen	49	49½
Penn Co	10	10½
Commerce	10	10½
Commerce, N.	10	10½
Penn Co	10	10½
Penn Co	10	10½
Penn Co

Selected Poetry.

SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

That pale and shadowy beauty,
It haunts me still the same,
Fills the hollow midnight chamber,
The lane and wooded copse;
The rain and autumn breeze,
The cool and chilly hall,
The evening glimpse, which speaks
More than sheerest secret could.
They haunt me when the autumn winds revel,
And daytime mantle round their spell.

I see the blue eye shining
Through the lashes in their fall,
And a lovely pure smile lying
On the loosened lips of coral.
A ray that was from heaven
At the far celestial light,
And there it shone in soft and shadowy
A beauty ever bright.
Sometimes, and oftenest—
And conquering with the flight of time

A noir, unapparent rose-light
It vanishing in the distant.
And lingering on the pale lip
A glow that is gone, and never to spread.
It weaved, like the lapse—
Does it as from earth or heaven?
When night-winds whisper to it
It breathes of the Infinite;
With its element mystery,
The fragile of the unseen.

Her grace is as a shadow
As unfathomable—
Wielded to every motion then,
And ready beautiful.
Unsought, and all unconscious.
It hath a power to me
Which is independent
Of inward harmony—
Of flesh and blood together wrought—
To the First fatal an offering made.

That pale and shadowy beauty,
It seemed an inward thing;
A spiritual vision—
A chaste imagining;
Not all in form or feature;
The fairy phantom dwelt,
But like the air of Heaven
Was yet more than felt.
A presence the true heart is sure
To pursue, and yearns, and duly loves.

E. J. D.

Pictures of Life.

THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The lark went up to Heaven, seeming to lend his breast support the ascent but of the upper air as was—scarcely discernible to the keenest vision, his song was audible to Lucy Hamilton's anxious ear, as she stood at the window of her mother's little garden. Lucy was a daily governess, and was in the act of plucking a rose to adorn her bosom, before she set out to enter upon the day's routine. She cast her eyes around the modest garden—it was a very modest, very little garden—looked up at the lark once more, exercised the last note of its song into her ear—and, as she did so, she heard the voice of the parlour widow's cap, who was standing at the window, waved her adieu, and closed the casement after her.

There was not in all the suburb in which we found a better girl, a warmer girl, a more loving, more dutiful daughter than Lucy Hamilton. Ere first attained our acquaintance there was a sweet, and a tender, an air about her, willingly enough, to school. She was youngest by ten years than sister—sweet little, timid thing, as we first remember her.

Father at that time, but we could see that the superannuated was poor; and even we were prompted to offer our modest assistance when we beat to our boy for the use of school; fearing that she had not enough or not at home. It was only a boy's thought, and we are not sure we were happy that we did not commit ourselves by the small, true, we had executed our small scheme, these bubbles lured in a child's better heart.

Her father died, and they became poorer. A rich relation lent Lucy money, to bestow upon her a superior education. It was all he could do for her, he said; though he kept her out of his will, he assured, and cast bread to dogs. She returned to her mother after three years, to aid their means, support by teaching.

Who knows, besides themselves, the lives the daily governesses lead? Who has tasted, besides themselves, the bitterness of the bread they eat? The fine mistress may not frown to see another in her rank or fortune. They would resent it, and would seek another place.—But the poor governess! That she will resign her engagement is not to be apprehended. And are there not drawbacks—none, who would be glad to succeed her, if she gave herself airs? There are tragedies in real life more and to whom the fault? Not in society, art, and the tale of the daily governess, to merge consentaneous, in one whole tragedy.

Lucy Hamilton entered the garden gate, and passed from her mother's sight. It was a fine morning, and she was early. She has, therefore, the occasion to hurry, as she was sometimes obliged to do. She felt very glad that she was going out for fine, for to feel a homely truth, her shoes—we might warn mother for their being under-proof. She had set all day with wet feet once before from the same cause, and much need she had to be careful of her health for her mother's sake. She had a few acquaintances on the road she traversed—though she was familiar as the eyes—but she paid heed to all the small tradesmen—they saw her pass as regularly morning and evening. A green-grocer would temporarily tell her what fine was time to get the breakfast, for the young only with the morning's paper was a cold night. The cheese-monger was Lucy's only speaking acquaintance in the main way. He had always a kind word for her. Nor did Lucy fail to ask him after the children that was needful—a frightful accident had befallen whether his eldest girl was at home yet, and other little queries. "I have the goss," the man would say, when she had turned from him. "Poor Mrs. Lord life, poor thing!"

"But hark, hi all, Master Martyn," retorted Dame Winglemore, on our occasion. "Hard, indeed. I think she's got a very hard life." For her over a washing tub, and give her three or her countrymen for a morning's work, and see what she'll make it."

"Ah, you don't know all!" said the tall keeper sagaciously. And he was right.

The lady at whose house Lucy commenced its instructions of the day, was a very unusual one indeed; and the four nervous people she was so tremely sensitive. Lucy's knock offended her. She hated single knocks. As for a double ring, it was not to contempt the house from the vulgarity of single knocks. The sight of her proprietress the governess gave a palpitating double knock, so that Mrs. Robert Smith was entranced at her approach. "Mon—Mon—I forget your name, Mrs. Robert Smith often contrived to forget; which name which was the property of Lucy on the occasion referred to.

"Ah, Hamilton. Well, it is Hamhill, if, in the future, you would remember not to give a due his knock, you would make me—really though it was thirteen, not to call to my timetable, set me all in a fuss—you would contrast to nerves. Miss Hamhill."

Poor Lucy! It was true, here offended in to be more in future or to be dismissed from her service, the lady's nervousness many have indicated to!

"Now, Miss Hamhill," said Mrs. Robert Smith when the governess had taken off her bonnet—a shawl on the morning—and had her appointment—"are you up in those new quadrilles yet?"

"I am very sorry, ma'am, that I have been so much engaged—I only took them home the day before yesterday, and so late at my time to my pupils."

"Well, Miss Hamhill, of course, if you have the most engagement of that kind, you will have to be neglected on that account, it will be Mr. Robert Smith's duty to see that you are paid for your pupils, whose engagements are not so numerous as you cannot object to that."

"Oh, ma'am," was Lucy's faltering reply—"I am so happy to be employed by you. I will be sure to get my quadrilles played by the time you find you are. She spoke the truth. She was too happy to be employed by Mrs. Robt. Smith.

"I will excuse you this time, Miss Hamhill," said the lady of the house—and Lucy's heart bounded—"I shall certainly expect the quadrilles from now. I think you said when we first engaged you, that you could play Herz's waltzes in time to a minute?"

"I shall be most happy, ma'am," replied Lucy, trying to command herself.

"Mr. Robert Smith says that he has read—he is a great reader, as you know—that there are now very pretty poems in Italian, though he called one by a very shocking name—a kind of play-name or thing."

"Which was that, ma'am?" inquired Lucy, mentally referring to Goldoni and Metastasio.

"You ought to tell me," replied the lady. "You know of course—the pretty Italian poem with the play name name."

"Do you mean *Isabella Jenner Century*, ma'am?"

"Yes, that is where very pretty poem—is it not?"

"It is considered a very fine poem, ma'am."

"Yes, poem, that—that's what Mr. Robert Smith called it; though I think, if he's correct, it shouldn't be called *Inferno*."

Lucy could only look that the *Inferno* Commedia was not a play in five acts with stage directions, but rather a religious poem.

"I understand you're reading," said her employer, "many of the Italian. I suppose I have heard Mr. Robert Smith remark—his remarks are to the purpose—that Milton was a tragedy, poem. You will understand that you are a tragedy, Priscilla Indian. And about the tattoo, Mr. Robert Smith says that you are not in accurate times, as he really can't afford it."

"Ma'am," said Lucy, astonished.

"If you object, of course, we must find another governess to suit us, but Isabella Indian for the present we must endure."

Lucy's mother was in failing health. Had we any one who was "too happy?" to teach Italian without remuneration, enter the circumstances. On the same morning Mrs. Robert Smith thanked her cook, who blushed as if a *gate de fou grace*, and hoped another so greatly enlarged supper.

The Widow Winkfield was not at all trying to failing health, but she was coarse death than Lucy had yet met. When the poor girl returned home that evening—she went to all houses first, and walked a distance of seventeen miles—she found her parent's bed was confined to her room. The servant, alarmed by her mistress's condition, had called in a neighbour, who only waited Lucy's return to urge the propriety of sending for a doctor. Lucy had only sufficient money left home to fetch one. "I can give you no hope," said she felt that a blight had indeed passed over her mother's face. When she that she really love in stricken down to die, we look out upon the world as if we had no longer hope, or part, or any lot, therein.

She had to practice the quadrilles that night, on her friend piano, in fulfillment of the promise made to Mrs. Robert Smith. Her mother had fallen into one of her many slumbers—sometimes lasting for six or sixteen, and the thought of waking the noise of her practice made her shudder. She was so nervous, she felt the cottage—the sweet, small, cheerful, Lucy's feelings. So, she could not do that, let Mrs. Robert Smith say what she pleased.

But although the longest night she had ever known—for the heart guarantee the hours—not the dawn's—would not be kept back by her mother's bell. When the glad sunlight came gushing in at the casement, and left after last powerful fourth his jubilant thanks giving for his sleep in the meadows, she looked, tired herself, and went to her own chamber, longing for rest and refreshment. There was no rustle alleviation in her parent, when, with many fears and with one of the neighbours, she went over best in human bosoms, she left the cottage for the morning's employment. The way had and had to walk hurriedly. It rained, too, and the street seemed through the leaky shoes. She had made for the tall gate-keeper. As now she was sad, and contented herself with a twist of his hat, by the way of recognition. He was sad, too, for the washed child had died during the night. "I don't like to hear news," he thought; "she has her own trouble this morning." God help her, she had indeed.

"You are full too mention looked your time, Miss Hamhill. I never feel you staying too mentioning your time," was Mrs. Robert Smith's salutation.

"I am very sorry, ma'am—but I left my mother at home very ill—dying, ma'am, the doctor says," replied Lucy, humbling into tears.

"Dying—dear me. Of course you feel very much put out; but punctuality, Mr. Robert Smith says, is the soul of an engagement, and you have a character to keep up—but as you are come, you must practice the quadrilles, and not let me hear the quadrilles, and to begin her Italian."

"I was thinking, ma'am, that I could do through last night, ma'am," stammered Lucy, "my mother was so ill."

"Then you are not ready with those quadrilles again, Miss Hamhill," exclaimed Mrs. Robert Smith, in a severe tone, "and you are playing not to your engagement. You will be could do to have the value of her promise."

"I could not disturb my mother," said Lucy appealingly.

"Of course, I take all that into consideration," replied her employer, "and I am not a hard mistress, should know the value of a promise. How old can my mother have, now, since you were living—only don't let it happen again. You will excuse Priscilla's Italian this morning, I suppose?"

"I have been so unfortunate as to forget its own grammar, but if Priscilla is disengaged—"

"Her father says that he cannot afford an Italian book—her French once cures so expensive that I suppose you could have no objection to her next years."

What could Lucy say, but that her books were Priscilla's service?

Her mother was worse that evening, and before the next morning's dawn, was dancing and singing with all my heart in it. Now, when do you desire it to be finished?"

Mary—Now, this minute; give me your arm and help me to get up. [Jack and Rosa do so and assist me. I don't want to enter our house of distress again until I have one on whom I can rely for assistance, and to whom I can confide my own dear husband, signed, sealed and delivered.

John—"To be it—permit me to say that I have always admired you from the first minute I saw you, for your beauty, energy and accomplishments and amiable deportment."

Mary—Now, John, if that is sincere, this is the happiest moment of my life, and I trust her sun will be long and happy. I am for one to be my poor father will bear to, but, alas, his resolutions are like ropes of sand. I can manage him with a thread. You must take charge of the business and have the sole control: there will be no need for my husband in the room."

They were married, and a more happy match never was contracted. Jack and Rosa's engagements and leases were renewed, leases and gates were regulated, and the extensive fields smiled and waved with corn. Mary and her husband were a few years each into a dashboard's grave. Mary is the tenant's friend, and her husband is the agent's friend, and the extensive fields smiled and waved with corn. The good at her mother's partiality, and her husband's partiality, and her husband's partiality, and her husband